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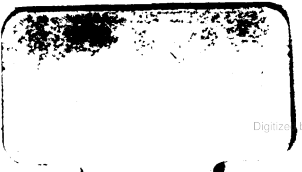

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MEMORANDUMS

OF

MY MAYORALTY:

BY

LORD WINCHESTER.

MDCCCXXXV.

"I am a wise fellow; and which is more, an officer; and which is more, a householder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in London; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, go to. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Printed for Private Circulation amongst my Friends.

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RE-PRINTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE RISING GENERATION, AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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MEMORANDUMS

OF

MY MAYORALTY.

BY LORD WINCHESTER.

CHAPTER I.

"He hath deserved well of his country. He hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, were a kind of ungrateful injury."

CORIOLANUS.

REASONS FOR PUBLISHING MEMORANDUMS—AN IMPORTANT ERA—WINCHESTER MAYORALTY—TOILS OF OFFICE AND DELIGHTS OF PRIVACY—MY CHARACTER ABOVE SUSPICION—PRIVATE LIFE—CORRECTION OF A VULGAR ERROR.

A CELEBRATED author has remarked, that if every man were to write down the result of his experiences and observations during the course of his life, however barren of events, the world would be greatly the gainer. Now if this be true as regards the lives of ordinary individuals, how much profit must accrue from the record of the sayings and doings of so exalted a personage as a Lord Mayor of London—and that mayor one

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so much superior to the usual run of such officials.

The history of my public career having been one marked out by many great and important events—struggles between right and might—roguery and honesty—cunning and uprightness—blustering insolence and manly firmness—the year of my mayoralty having, I repeat, been heaped up with remarkable events, to the greatest cone that could rest upon its twelve months basis—like a full *Winchester measure*,—and as I expect it will be noted in history as the *Winchester Mayoralty*, I have thought that it would be not unprofitable to note down a few passages, for the benefit of my immediate successors, and for the information of future historians.

I have been the more induced to do so, being convinced that the majority of my fellow citizens entertain so high an opinion of my acts in office, that they would hail with delight the slightest memento of them. I will not deny that some portion of selfishness attaches to this undertaking in addition to the very laudable desire of being "remembered in my line," and standing a little in relief above the former and future dignitaries of this great City. For however much Cabinet Ministers and Lord Mayors may talk of the toils of office—and the delights of retiring into the bosoms of their families—believe

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me it is no easy task to resign the high functions of chief magistrate—bid farewell for ever to Mansion House honours, and return to my pristine obscurity. Since, therefore, I cannot in reality re-enact what my enemies are pleased to call my "fantastic tricks," I will at least live over my former life in description, and like Goldsmith's soldier

"Brandish my pen, and show how fields were won."

I shall not, for very obvious reasons, touch upon what may be called my private life. If I have acquired wealth as well as fame by my transactions, who shall dare to say that I have over-stepped the long established "tricks of trade" for its procurement, tricks which have been so fully sanctioned by my predecessors in business and office? Should any presume to doubt the perfect purity of my private, and the unflinching integrity of my public, character, let them recollect that there are such things in force as *libel laws;* and if they question either my will or my ability to avail myself of their salutary provisions—they may consult the late proprietor of the TRUE SUN. I flátter myself that *he* has reason to know that a Winchester's dealings must, like the reputation of Cæsar's wife, be above suspicion: the fellow has the assurance to say that my conduct in the affairs of the newspaper, is "beyond suspicion,"

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though what he means to insinuate by that expression, I do not profess fully to understand.

It would indeed be poor policy to unfold the means by which I have succeeded in "putting money in my purse"; for however anxious I may be that my brother aldermen should imitate me in their magisterial capacities, I have no ambition that my fellow stationers should rival me in a knowledge of "how to get on in the world." I would just, in passing, mention for the mere purpose of correction, that the common saying—"Honesty is the best policy,"—is a maxim greatly influenced by circumstances; besides, although no longer Mayor, I am still a Stationer, and such knowledge as I have referred to is more to me than my stock in trade.

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CHAP. II.

"He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he who for convenience takes it;
Then how can any man be said,
To break an oath he never made?" HUDIBRAS.

"A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years health." CORIOLANUS.

PATRIOTIC FEARS FOR THE WELFARE OF THE CITY—PREJUDICES AGAINST TORIES—CUNNING OF CONSERVATIVES—TORIES ABSOLVED FROM KEEPING FAITH WITH RADICALS—MENTAL RESERVATION—A SIMILE—TORY PLEDGE GIVERS—LETTERS FROM CUMBERLAND AND WELLINGTON—PEEL—PARALLEL BETWEEN PEEL AND MYSELF.

As Saint Matthew's day approached, I confess I was not without my fears that London would have been deprived of my valuable services in the high office, which, alas! I am now about to quit. As I remarked to the Duke the other day, there certainly do exist prejudices to the disadvantage of us Tories, among the low rabble that constitute the majority of the Livery-men; and I was rather alarmed lest my well known reputation for veracity and honour, should not avail against the foolish respect which these low-minded persons show, for whatever may contribute to the good of the city.

Luckily, however, the Reformers are by no means a match for us Conservatives, in cunning, and I choused them gloriously by pledging my honour that my personal prepossessions

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should not interfere with the discharge of my official duties,—and promising to call Common Halls whenever they should think proper. It was easy to see that none of them had been educated at Oxford or Cambridge, or they would have smelt out my *mental* reservation—"*Except*, when it shall be against my interest and pleasure so to do." How I did chuckle at the stupidity of the ninnies who believed that I would adhere to my promise, when it was against my inclination! I never had the most remote intention of doing otherwise than as I have done; although I know the contrary has been asserted by some of these folks themselves, who pretend to think that when I made these promises, I meant what I said; and that it was the evil advice of higher personages, and the "insolence of office" that induced me, as they say, to violate them. I do not mean to say that I was not acting under the counsel of others; but it would have been all the same if I had not. The Liverymen have themselves to blame, if my proceedings have been displeasing to them, for putting confidence in one whom they had reason to suspect.

There is a fable by Æsop that might have taught them better, if they had been deep enough read to have known it. When the viper had stung its benefactor, it was asked by a fellow-

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reptile why it had done so: "In order," said this type of a Tory-pledge-giver, "that his fate may warn others, how they do kindness to the unworthy." I hope my successor will follow in my footsteps, and prove that experience will not make fools wise. However, I have not much confidence in his firmness; he is too much attached to the old-fashioned notion that a promise is binding, to be a worthy imitator of me, Sir Roger Griersly, Mr. Andrew Johnstone, and other eminent men. If I thought I had any chance of being listened to, I would say,—"I charge thee, Copeland, throw away the ridiculous idea that you are not free as air to act as you think fit; and recollect that all good Tories and true, care no more about keeping faith with Whigs and Radicals, than Papists do with respect to heretics."

My staunch conduct in this affair soon brought in showers of flattering epistles from the greatest men in the land, congratulating me on the firmness I had displayed, and holding out hopes of a more solid recompence for the execrations of the deluded Liverymen.

I could fill a folio with copies of these favours alone. But I shall only give here two short and pithy letters; one from a Royal Duke, whom that foul-mouthed papist O'Connell, has dared to call a "mighty great liar;" and the other

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from a Noble Duke, whom the same villain has ridiculed as a "stunted corporal"—

St. James's.

Dear Winchester,

Your behaviour the other day was glorious. Only follow it up, and when I am King, you shall be Lord Mayor of London for life, spite of charters and every thing else—or have a coronet—which you like.

Yours, &c.

CUMBERLAND.

Apsley House.

My Dear Lord Mayor,

I beg to return you my hearty thanks for the staunch manner in which you held out against the revolutionary attempts of your civic subjects. To grant a Common Hall to the rabble, whenever asked, would be nothing short of changing our glorious constitution into a democracy. I need not warn you not to give in on any account. Any assistance from me you shall be promptly supplied with; but mind, say nothing of my support to any one. If you continue as you have commenced, and I continue in office, I shall not forget the illustrious name of Winchester in my next batch.

Yours, &c.

WELLINGTON.

The only thing I did not like in this letter of the Duke's, was his unwillingness for me to

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mention his name as my support; but, however, the promise was too tempting to allow me to boggle at the conditions.

The same sort of thing was repeated verbally by Sir Robert Peel, (which showed his caution,) when he did me the honour to dine with me; although, after all, the honour was not all on my part; for I consider myself as good a man as he, and a better Tory.

By the way, it has often struck me that there is no slight resemblance between the public character of the Right Honorable Baronet, and my own. If I were skilled in drawing parallels after the manner of Plutarch, I would enlarge on this point; but suffice it to say, that both of us (however like each other) are as far as possible from resembling that straight forward, unshuffling, self-consistent character that the Radicals affect to esteem, and all genuine Tories cordially abhor.

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CHAP. III.

"Tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? We that have free souls, it touches us not. Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unstrung." HAMLET.

"Sir, I lack advancement." IBID.

———"O joyful day!
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune."
HENRY IV. PT. II.

EXPLANATION OF SOME AWKWARD CIRCUMSTANCES—VICTIM TO PUBLIC OUTCRY—THE DINNER—THE TIMES—THE EDITOR—OUR DESERTS—A PROPHECY—CORONET IN EXPECTANCY—DESERVED DIGNITIES—THE WILL FOR THE DEED—MY LORD—TEMPUS FUGIT.

It is necessary that I should say a word or two in explanation of some circumstances in relation to my connexion with the honourable member for Tamworth. It went rather against the grain to be under the necessity of entertaining the honourable Gentleman, after his (as I at first thought) scurvy treatment of me in a matter which the Radicals have made a convenient handle of, and occasionally pull the nose of my reputation by alluding to. I mean the fact of Sir Robert having signed the following Order in Council, excluding me from being reinstated in my situation of Stationer to Government:

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"Write to Messrs. Winchester and Son, acquainting them that the result of the investigation, upon oath, by the Commissioners of Audit in this business, has by no means been such as to justify *their charges*, or to warrant their Lordships in directing the Controller of that office *again to re-employ them.*"

But the Duke's orders were peremptory; and as the occasion seemed not ill-adapted for a display of my being hand-in-glove with so many illstrious personages, I consented to receive Sir Robert, who then so fully explained himself to me, that I could not be otherwise than perfectly satisfied: albeit, I did not get my post back again. It is true, there were reasons for this exclusion, which I hope I shall be excused for not mentioning more particularly; although I must be allowed to remark, that "a friend should bear a friend's infirmities"—and Sir Robert might have spared me even the appearance of evil. I don't deny that it is right, sometimes, to make a show of disinterestedness, by sacrificing some victim at the shrine of Public Opinion; (like unfortunate Admiral Byng, for instance;) but I do think some other person might have been selected. I trust I shall be excused dwelling so long on this affair; but indeed it has vexed me, and I cannot help considering the whole conduct of the ex-Premier, in this affair, as resembling that of his princely master, the Duke, in another matter, which Byron characterizes "as rather shabby."

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But to return to the dinner. I need not revert to the public proceedings of the day, nor to the many complimentary allusions to myself in the speeches of the illustrious guests, because the full particulars were given in the papers of the following morning; especially by that excellent and consistent journal the *Times*, concerning which, I could a tale unfold—but that it was communicated to me in confidence by my worthy friend the Duke, under a promise of secrecy; and I do not choose to incur his displeasure by a breach of my engagement; for as every one must allow, there is a vast difference between a promise made to a pack of Radicals, from whom one has nothing to expect, and one made to a Duke, who may, perhaps—but of this hereafter.

By the by, I would recommend the Editor of the Thunderer to be a little more cautious in his goings on. Ultra-tory as I am, and connected with the *elite* of the Aristocracy, who have a right to do as they like, I cannot think it either politic or proper, that a writer who so ably defends the Church, and stigmatizes O'Connell as "an impious person", should live on terms of too intimate friendship with another man's wife—not a hundred miles from Nelson Square. I overheard one of my clerks saying, that it was a specimen of the most abominable

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hypocrisy: I immediately discharged the rascal without a character.

After the illustrious guests had retired, I was admitted to the honour of a long conference with the chiefs of our party, and was flattered by their joint acknowledgments of the service I had done to the cause, besides being chosen one of the leaders. In addition to this honour, which it would be an affectation of modesty on my part to say I did not think I deserved, I was given to understand that the more solid satisfaction of a title was not far distant. They seemed to think "little would be enough;" but although such a paltry distinction as a knighthood might do very well for such as Sir John Key, Sir Peter Laurie, talents so pre-eminent as mine, require, I thought, something better. However, the matter was arranged for the time, by Sir Robert remarking with a smile, (not one of those smooth simpers his countenance usually wears, but to use a vulgar phrase which I have heard Hobler indulge in—"a laugh on the wrong side of the mouth,") that no doubt both he and I should soon meet with our deserts. I did not see much in the remark at the time, but have since thought that there was something prophetic in it.

It is indeed no empty boast when I say, that I might have commanded a knighthood or baron-

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etcy at any time; but all the respectable part of the citizens, myself included, think that a coronet would be no extravagant return for the services I have rendered the Conservative cause. Talents such as mine, combined with modesty so unassuming, and gentleness so unequivocal, are not to be found in every bush; and although trumpeting one's own praises is not becoming either in a man or a mayor, yet, when one reflects, as I have done, on the poor reward usually apportioned to first-rate talents, one cannot help exclaiming with the immortal Shakspeare:

> ———— "Let none presume
> To wear an undeserved dignity.
> O that estates, degrees and offices
> Were not derived corruptly; that clear honor
> Were purchased by the merit of the wearer:
> How many then should cover that stand bare,
> How many be commanded, that command!"

But my rewards are yet to come. Alas! it is the want of power, not of will, that restrains my friends' hands. Had the ministry of Sir Robert Peel lasted till now, who knows what might have transpired? Lord Winchester! it sounds well. No music could be sweeter to my ears, than this title of "My Lord" has been, during the last twelve months. I have thought of it awake, and dreamed of it asleep. My retainers, from Hobler at the Mansion House, to the errand-boy in my warehouse, have sounded

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it in my ears; and had not my time been fully occupied with state affairs, I do believe that I should have imitated the valiant Hotspur, and taught a starling to utter the soul-soothing words—Alas! what bitter anticipation does the name recal: yet, a few days, and the whole pomp of office, and pride of power, will have deserted me! When I entered on "my year," methought it would never come to an end; but here is November again—and my days are numbered!

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CHAP. IV.

"Oh! re-form it altogether."
HAMLET.

ALTERATION IN THE CITY CONSTITUTION—THE OFFICE OF LORD MAYOR HEREDITARY—WINCHESTER THE REIGNING FAMILY—ASSES AND A FALLEN LION—BARON FOOLSCAP—HOBLER AT A DISCOUNT—LAW, JUSTICE, AND INCLINATION—THE BLACKGUARD PLACARD AFFAIR—PEEL'S POLICY—FORCE PREFERABLE TO FRAUD—A FOOL, WHAT—SUGGESTIONS FOR THE PRESERVATION OF TORY RULE—THE RIVALS.

A POINT which I had always determined to use my whole influence to effect, was the making the office of Lord Mayor one for life—the power of nomination lying with the Premier. Had Sir Robert Peel continued in office, I am pretty certain that I had influence enough to have prevailed upon him and his colleagues to pass an act for this purpose. But I have not lost all hope of seeing the day when the City will be governed by hereditary Mayors, as well as the nation by hereditary Kings. Even the most violent foes of the "right divine" principle will admit, that this arrangement is likely to "work as well" as the present method, which one of the anti-Winchesterians has characterized as

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productive of "citizen-kings," who have "not wit enough for a Lord Mayor's fool, nor manners enough for a Lord Mayor's footman." Should the hereditary principle prevail, I have the promise of the King-in-expectancy—that the Winchesters shall be the reigning family. But in the mean time, although I may indulge in such blissful visions, the harsh reality informs me that I must turn out, and be treated again like a plain citizen, and, mayhap, from envy, somewhat worse. Be it so; it is in the nature of the ass to kick at the fallen lion.

Failing in procuring the hereditary Mayoralty of London to my family, I feel a firm assurance that I shall adorn the peerage. The Duke has told me in confidence that my name is in the first batch which shall be created under his dictatorship. The foes of good order affirm, that the upper house wants reformation; if so, how shall its weakness be better remedied than by the injection of healthy and vigorous blood? Baron Foolscap would be an euphonious title, and Hobler, who has just hobbled in to give me my lesson for the day in the art of law-expounding, assures me that the title is amply merited, and would be singularly appropriate.

Talking of Hobler, reminds me that I am not so much indebted to that Lord Mayor's Fool

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as some people suppose. It is true, that he obtrudes his opinion upon all matters; but it is not the less true that I follow my own judgment in spite of his hints that law, to say nothing of justice, not unfrequently lies in another direction.

I should be glad to know what is the use of having a chief magistrate at all, if he is to be fettered by such trammels as those of law or justice either? Is not a Lord Mayor head of the city; and has not the head full and uncontrolled power over the inferior members? This was what I said to Hobler when he lectured me about the illegality of seizing the placard boards, calling the meeting at the London Tavern, against my good friends and allies the Tories; and I would have seen him and all the Radicals at—Hanover, before I would have given the placards up to the blackguards, had not a private communication reached me in the interim, from a certain individual, intimating that such proceedings were by no means calculated to do him and his friends any good. I was therefore reluctantly obliged to resign the prize, (which I had hoped to supply me with firewood during my mayoralty,) and content myself with insulting those who came to claim the offending instruments. Insolent wretches! who dared to question the justice and propriety of any of WINCHESTER'S decisions; nay, who

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had the unparalleled audacity to throw out insinuations to his disadvantage!

I must say that in this matter, as well as in that of the Stationery, I was not treated well by Sir Robert. I was given to understand (though I do not altogether believe it) that the Premier was by no means pleased with what he termed very "officious interference"—(I can only interpret "officious" as relating to my office, and not in any other way as some have done)—and was heard to declare that two or three fools like Winchester would be sufficient not only to overthrow the Cabinet, but the Church and the Monarchy to boot. But all this could have been nothing else but a weak invention of the enemy, as I am convinced Sir Robert thinks me anything but a fool—unless it be such a one as Solomon (not the Sheriff) speaks of, when he says that it "takes a wise man to make a good fool."

I know that it was and is a favourite maxim of Peel's, that it is foolish to have recourse to force, when fraud will answer the purpose; but for my part, I have always been an advocate for bold measures. In fact, I conceive it to be a sort of blot upon my escutcheon that I was compelled to have recourse to an evasion to secure my election; but then it must be owned that there was no choice; force would have been useless there, and I should have lost my point

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However, I still think the Premier went the wrong way to work. With all his cunning (and no man that I know of is blest with a more plentiful share) he was obliged to succumb; of course, I bow to the superior judgment of a man who can prefix Right Honourable to his name; but with all due deference, a more determined course would have been the better. It was only necessary to suspend the *habeas corpus* act, so as to silence all *talk* against him and his underlings; and to let loose a regiment or two of horse, who would easily have prevented all *action.* Indeed, I suggested this course to my Right Honourable friend; but I suspect some petty feeling of jealousy, to which great minds are prone, prevented him from acting upon my advice. No doubt he dreaded comparison with me in such proceedings, and chose rather to have recourse to that branch of the art and mystery of Governing in which he himself excelled But Sir Robert might have rested perfectly contented in regard to this; for although there are not many men to whom I would consent to play second, I have so much regard for the honorable Baronet, that I would be content to assume the whole labour, while he shared the greater part of the glory. It is never too late to amend a fault, and *next time,* doubtless, Sir Robert will act a little more judiciously.

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CHAP. V.

"Well, well, my Lords, respect him;
Take him and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say this much for him—If a Prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am for his love and service, so to him—
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him.

HENRY VIII.

ROYAL FAVOUR—DINNER AT WINDSOR—"THE TABLE IN A ROAR"—WINCHESTERIAN FACETIÆ—CIVIC CROMWELL—AWKWARD FACTS AND UNPLEASANT ARGUMENTS—AUDACIOUS INSOLENCE—DIGNIFIED RESIGNATION—A WARNING TO DESTRUCTIVES, WHIGS AND RADICALS.

HIS Majesty having doubtless heard of my abilities as a politician, invited me to dine with him at Windsor on his birth-day; when he thought fit to ask me my opinion as to affairs in general. Of course, I considered it my duty to speak my mind freely; but I do not feel myself at liberty to communicate what passed between his most gracious Majesty, William the Fourth, and the Lord Mayor of London! I would just observe, that although I had it a dozen times on the tip of my tongue, I refrained from hinting my opinion of Sir Robert's bad policy, (as mentioned at the end of the last chapter,) as I scorn to insinuate any thing to any man's discredit.

I shall always consider my visit to Windsor as one of the most flattering occurrences of my life. The place, the time, and the great personage who did me the honour to request my

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attendance, all conspire to prove that I am no ordinary man. What greater mark of respect could Sovereignty show than to invite me to dinner on the natal day?

I have always prided myself on my powers of pleasing; but my visit to Windsor more than confirmed me in my high opinion of my own talents. Although (as I have more than once hinted) I hate ostentation, I declare solemnly that not only the King and Queen, but the whole assembled company did me the honour to laugh at the sallies of my wit; nay, so far did these eminent personages carry this, that I could scarcely drop a word that did not excite peals of laughter, louder than are usually heard in courtly precincts. Indeed, I do not think that more unequivocal signs of merriment have ever been exhibited in the justice-room of the Mansion House, where it is well known my numerous facetious sayings are responded to by one universal acclamation.

I know that my enemies have asserted that it was at *myself*, and not at my *facetiæ*, that the court indulged in mirth; but I scorn the imputation. I trust there is nothing laughable to be seen in me. I would have it an offence punishable by the pillory to laugh at a Lord Mayor, or at any one who has ever attained that high dignity. It is an act of civic treason; a "bringing into contempt" the important office, and should be

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repressed accordingly. I believe the man who would dare to laugh at a Lord Mayor, would be guilty of picking a pocket; indeed the latter crime is the more excusable of the two.

I flatter myself that the Mayorial office suffered no diminution of its dignity in my person. I am not one of those weak-minded men who think it necessary to listen to the remonstrances of those who elect them. No, let others attend to the murmurs of the dissaffected, if it so pleases them; I hear them unregarded. If as they sometimes ventured to do, they proceeded to express their opinions rather openly, I had recourse to the exercise of my prerogative, and like Cromwell carrying away the mace, broke up the refractory rabble-court.

Nothing tells so well as a prudent exhibition of wholesome authority, and right well did I know this. It would have been greatly *infra dig.* in the bosom friend of Wellington and Peel, to descend to personal altercation with demagogues and agitators. Besides, to tell the truth, I did not consider it altogether safe to enter into argument with them; for somehow or other, the fellows can muster a tolerable supply of reasons and facts, such as is sometimes not convenient to deny, and would be difficult to refute. But shew me the argument that can stand against the dictum of a Lord Mayor? how reply to his commands to clear the court?

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This was my never-failing recourse; and I would recommend a similar mode of procedure to my friends, when they again come into power, as regards another assemblage, where inconvenient questions are sometimes put, and troublesome promises insisted upon.

However, the best proved remedy will occasionally fail of success, and so it fared with mine on one or two occasions. Although I always took the precaution to keep the court as clear as possible, and prepared to put a stop to any unpleasant reflections on my own person and character, by assuming a dignified aspect and boldly breaking up the meeting, yet when all this was carried into effect, the fellows remained behind, and actually had the audacity to pass a vote of censure upon *me*—yes, upon *me!*

To their never-dying shame, I will here give the very words of their vote. Knowing, from what quarter it comes, it can, of course, have no effect upon my real merits: I would just hint to my friends, that by substituting for every adjective its opposite, a very pretty compliment would be paid me:—

"At an Assembly of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Livery of the several Companies of the City of London, in Common Hall, at the Guildhall of the said City, on Tuesday, the 29th day of September, 1835, for the purpose of electing a Mayor for the year ensuing, the Lord Mayor (Winchester) having abruptly quitted the Hall, RICHARD TAYLOR, Esq., was called to the Chair, and it was resolved:—

"That this Common Hall feels it an incumbent duty to themselves and their fellow-citizens not to allow the present

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period to pass away without recording its indignant reprobation of the conduct of Mr. Alderman Winchester, for his arbitrary and unconstitutional conduct while occupying the office of Lord Mayor; for his uncourteous and insolent behaviour to the Court of Common Council, and to respectable deputations of his fellow-citizens; for his frequent violation of his solemn promise, voluntarily given on his seeking office, to call Common Halls and Courts of Common Council when requested so to do by a proper requisition; and for making his office subservient to the promotion of party purposes, thereby subverting the rights of his fellow-citizens, and insulting those who had depended on his word, and aided in his election to the high and dignified office of Lord Mayor."

Think of the base-born beggars recording their opposition to me, a Lord Mayor at the present, and (at least) a Baron in perspective, and, mayhap, myself and my heirs their perpetual rulers! Full gladly would I have exclaimed with Brutus—

> "There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
> For I am armed so strong in honesty,
> That they pass by me as the idle wind
> Which I regard not."

I believe I did manage to *say* as much; but far, far was I was from *feeling* it. When I heard of the unanimous vote of my fellow citizens, I confess that my courage failed, and for a moment I could have subscribed to the truth of the ancient maxim, that, in the long run, "Honesty is the best policy."—However, having gone so far, and being convinced that honesty itself would now stand me in small stead, I determined to brazen it out; and while my

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countenance gave evidence that the affair had not "a little dashed my spirits," my tongue like Othello's, declared that it had not moved me a jot.

Contrary to what at first sight might be supposed, these unequivocal tokens of my subjects' displeasure, has only aided still more to inflame my desire of power, and enhance my regret at being obliged so soon to shuffle off my official covil. I wish I were possessed of despotic authority over Cockney-land for the next twelve months; I would show the rogues what it is to dare to oppose such personages as I am. However, as that cannot be, I hereby throw down the gauntlet to my opponents, and "thus devote them to the infernal gods." Let them remember that I, Lord Winchester, quit my office with a thorough contempt of Radical Reformers, and all Anti-tories, henceforth and for ever (unless I can get in again). And now let them to their seditious meetings with what appetite they may. Let them however bear in mind, that I, Winchester, though, alas! no longer Mayor, am still a magistrate; and that should fortune consign any of them to my mercies, they will not soon forget it. If there is no *lex scripta* to convict them by, I promise them there shall be a *lex dicta*. As Hobler (to whom I am indebted for all my Latin) says—"*aut viam inveniam aut faciam.*"

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CHAP. VI.

"Ambition is a thirst that's never quench'd—
Grows more inflam'd, and madder by enjoyment."

DRYDEN.

MYSELF CONSIDERED AS A POLITICAL MAYOR—EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT—THIRST FOR DISTINCTION—TORYISM—SARDANAPALUS THE SECOND—CONTEMPLATED CONFLAGRATION.

I HAVE already referred, and shall hereafter advert to the party purposes for which the dignity of Chief Magistrate may be rendered useful. I deem it right, however, to consider this matter more minutely on account of the ridiculous fuss which my adversaries have made respecting my own conduct in the civic chair.

According to them, a Lord Mayor should be a person prepared to uphold the privileges of the City, and to protect the lives and properties of the citizens, without showing any particular bias towards this or that political faction. Now I need hardly say that my opinion on this point is diametrically opposed to theirs. I think that a Lord Mayor ought to take every occasion of exhibiting his political partialities, more

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especially if he is assured that this will give offence to the majority of his constituents. For in the first place, he will thus be better enabled to show his own independence, and in the second, to do his friends a service by making use of the machinery of office to forward the ends of their *clique*. Besides all this, ordinary men are apt to regard with watchful curiosity, and a desire to imitate, the actions of their superiors; and hence the example of a Lord Mayor may produce incalculable good by attaching others to the same *Standard*. Who can tell how many staunch conservatives my own dignified deportment may not have produced? whereas, had I kept my political opinions to myself, like the majority of the illustrious obscure who have preceded me, the world would have lost the benefit of my instructive career.

Moreover, I would ask my opponents another question. Is not the office of Chief Magistrate mine during the term of its continuance? and in the words of my immaculate friend, the Duke of Newcastle, "have not I a right to do as I please with my own?" This I should think would silence all murmurs. Is it to be supposed, that a set of fellows like those who have had the insolence to question my discretion, should know better what is fit and proper, than I, Winchester? The idea is preposterous!

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To tell the truth, I had still another reason for acting as I have acted during the year of my mayoralty. Like all great men, I am irrepressibly ambitious, and pant for fame, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, or as my dear friends the Tories languish for the refreshment of office.

Now I could not conceal from myself, that in these latter days, a name was rather difficult to be achieved; yet acquire renown I must, if not by fair means, then by foul; and I dare say the public will give me credit for not being particularly squeamish as to the character of the means. I knew that all the straight paths to notoriety were preoccupied by my pigmy percursors, and that even I could never hope to rival them in their respective walks. I might set up for an improver of the police code; but had not the immortal Laurie gone before me? I might endeavour, but could not hope, to surpass Wood in wisdom, Key in "policy", and the whole aldermanic body in the brilliant display of whatever is great in character and exalted in conduct. Sooner would the firmament suffer the appearanee of two suns together, than the sages of the city the simultaneous flourishing of twin Solons.

What then was left for me but to make my mayoralty memorable by a display of "Tory-

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ism"? I flatter myself I have succeeded in my endeavours. Let the pages of History, and the columns of the *Times*, attest how wisely and how well Winchester has won for himself the wreath of never dying renown!

So far from my passion of distinction being thus allayed, it seems to have "grown by what it fed on." Well might Alexander weep that the world was not wide enough for his name. Even I, methinks, though deck'd with honour, "compared with which, the laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds!" could sit me down and cry that there is not another London to contribute to my greatness.

> And ever and anon of griefs subdued,
> There comes a token like a scorpion sting;

And the sting is, that in a few days—nay, a few hours, my functions are at an end! But as I have already alluded to this melancholy consummation, I will say nothing further than, in so far as it tends to illustrate my ardent craving for distinction.

I had hoped that my mayoralty would have been marked by some striking occurrence, so as to "make assurance doubly sure" that my name would pass down to posterity encircled with a halo of light. With what transport would I have received the news of some tre-

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mendous casualty, such as an earthquake, that had swallowed up the half of England—or an enlarged edition of the Great Fire, which of course we should have taken care to ascribe to the Radicals, as our wise ancestors of the seventeenth century attributed theirs to the Papists. A civil war in favour of the claims of the "Mighty Great"—Conservative would have been no bad passport to immortality; but alas! the inconsiderate conduct of some of his friends has rendered this hopeless for the present. But *nil desperandum!* the Devil, if not belied, will stand to his own.

Within these few months, I have meditated on many schemes that seemed likely to gratify my ruling passion. I cared not for the means so that I could but gain my end, (in more senses than one.) I had read of the famous act by which King Sardanapalus put a period at once to his own life and the Assyrian dynasty, by collecting together all his valuables, and making a bonfire of them and himself. Now, I myself had some intentions of imitating the Babylonian, and thus finishing a brilliant career in an appropriate manner.

Upon second thoughts, however, it struck me that this would be a rather unpleasant mode of exit, besides risking a charge of arson, should my scheme unluckily prove abortive,

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through the officious interference of those foes to sentiment, the Fire Brigade. So, with a sigh to the memory of the "good old times," when fire engines were unknown, and folks might die as they pleased, I was obliged to lay aside all thoughts of setting the Mansion House and the world in a blaze.

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CHAP. VII.

"Laws bear the name, but money has the pow'r—
The cause is bad whene'er the client's poor."

DRYDEN.

"Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue,
Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controll'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold;
And chief he gloried with licentious style
To lash the great, and monarchs to revile."

POPE'S HOMER.

BEAUTY OF THE LIBEL LAWS—CRIMINAL INFORMATION—TRUE SUN—PROOF OF LOYALTY—PROJECTED TORY NEWSPAPER—MYSELF EDITOR—RADICAL TACT—PROPOSED LAW FOR THE REGULATION OF THE PRESS.

I HAVE before alluded, incidentally, to the case of *Winchester*, versus *Grant and others*. I believe it is pretty generally known that I was the plantiff in this most important case,—most vitally important to all who have any regard for their characters, and wish to preserve from vulgar gaze the intricacies of trade, and from impertinent curiosity the private dealings of speculation. It is one of the most excellent features of our libel law that authorizes the jury to judge merely from the outside appearance of the case, and to keep the real matter secret. A criminal information is the thing for a man who

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would punish his slanderer. In my opinion, nine libels out of ten are mere baits for catching information. If any one for any particular reason wishes to know the particulars of any affair, he has only to publish a libel upon the parties connected therewith: they bring their action; —he pleads justification—evidence is produced on both sides—the whole matter comes out and the libeller triumphs: he has gained his end—at some expence certainly, but in many cases that would be but a minor consideration. Now how beautifully does a criminal information put an extinguisher on the truth, and enable you to revenge yourself on the scoundrel who shall dare to speak evil of you, without the world being a bit the wiser for it!

But this was not my only reason for proceeding in the case in question by "Information". It was pure patriotism, or rather exalted loyalty that prompted me. I beheld with grief the way in which the King's privy purse was kept low by the scurvy Radical retrenchers, and determined to expose my character to the calumnies of my enemies, that I might put money in the purse of my Sovereign.

How I succeeded, the world knows full well. I would rather that the terms of imprisonment, to which the poor devils were condemned had been transmuted into money—(all for the bene-

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fit of my King); but some how or other I could not get the judge to take the hints I gave to that effect.

I mentioned these facts to his Majesty when I dined with him at Windsor, as before related; and while he cordially thanked me, squeezing my hand like a smith's vice, he lamented that his legal officers were so blind to their master's wants, and told me not to forget him while performing my judicial functions at the Mansion House.

Another point I had in view was to manœuvre so as to get a mortgage upon the property of the True Sun, when I might easily have managed to foreclose it, and then I would have edited the paper myself. The affairs of the nation would have fared far better under my dictation than under the agitating paragraphs of the vile radical crew, who now possess this organ of public movement. I flatter myself that under my guidance—the True Sun of Toryism would have shone always at meridian, and *The Times* with all its cleverness, would have been secondary—would have followed my leaders, and echoed my nation-guiding articles.

But this hope, like many others of my expectations was found to have its foundation in sand —or to use a classic phrase, I was "building castles in the air." The Radicals were too much

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for me this bout; for they found a mortgagee of their own class, into whose hands the property has fallen. I grieve to say it continues as destructive and foul-mouthed as ever. Indeed, if there is any difference it is on the wrong tack for the Tories.

By the by, one of these rascals, Bell, has set up a new Political Register, in which I understand he has set his base clapper ringing against me again. It would seem that these Radicals are almost *lusus naturæ;* as the common and very natural proverb that "a burnt cat dreads the fire," does not hold good with respect to them. They flourish under fining and imprisonment, as if it were their meat and drink. This in one respect, imprisonment certainly is; —sending to the treadmill for six months, has saved many a poor devil from starvation; and their fines are all paid by subscription. As the blood of the Martyrs is said to have been the seed of the church—so does persecution seem to be the nutriment of Radicalism.

Say what they like, Toryism will never flourish until we have laws for the regulation of the public press, on the same plan as those lately passed by the "Citizen King" (a genuine chip of the old Bourbon block) in France. If this were done, we should soon have the whole crew under lock and key. Let the punishment for

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libelling a Tory, be a fine of a certain sum, and imprisonment till paid; and further, that no one shall pay the fine for the culprit, nor any subscription be raised for that purpose; that it must be paid by the convict himself,—and that he be not allowed to do any work or labour in the prison.

I have drafts of bills for establishing a censorship of the press, which have met with the approbation of His Royal Highness of Cumberland and of His Grace of Wellington; and if circumstances happen to be favourable when the Tories are next in office, I have the promises of several of the late Cabinet to introduce them and carry them through Parliament.

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CHAP. VIII.

———— "In humble guise
I'll visit every hovel in my realm—
Jibe with the artizan, and play my part,
To each particular rank: thus shall I hear,
Without a medium, what the govern'd think
Of those that govern." SELYN.

THE KING INCOG.—THE LORD MAYOR DITTO—CAPRICIOUSNESS OF PUBLIC FAVOUR—TOUR OF THE PUBLICS—RADICAL INSULT—SINGULAR DOWNFALL—EXTRAORDINARY UPSHOT—IMPARTIAL JUSTICE.

It has been the practice of Kings—to mention instances, Peter the Great, and James the Sixth of Scotland,—to go about among their subjects in disguise, to ascertain the opinion of the people upon themselves, and upon the measures of their Government. Our present Most Gracious Majesty William the Fourth, when I dined with him at Windsor, as before related, told me in confidence that when he began to reign, he followed the example of the above-mentioned great Monarchs, and very delightful he found the expressions of love, and affection, and reverence, with which he was regarded, for the first six months or so. But (how capricious is popu-

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lar favour!) for some cause or other, which it puzzled even his Majesty to fathom, and which therefore it would be unbecoming in me to suggest, the expressions began suddenly to change, and Royalty was found to be no exception to the saying that "eaves-droppers seldom hear any good of themselves."

I then related to His Majesty how I had done the same thing a few days after the commencement of my Mayoralty. I expected to hear with my own ears, the praises which I doubted not would be multiplied on all sides, touching the conduct and character of the new Lord Mayor.

I must confess I was disappointed in my expectations, and so far resembled my Royal Host in hearing myself ill-spoken of, without the set-off of any pleasant praises at first. After visiting ten parlours and eighteen tap-rooms, calling at some for half a pint of beer, at others for a glass of gin and water, at others for a "go of brandy," at others again for "rum, cold, without:" (indeed, I went nearly through all the varieties of public-house and tavern phraseology,) I began to think that my popularity was not so great as had been represented to me, by the toadies about me; for to my mortification, I did not hear my own name once mentioned. At last, growing desperate, I ventured to introduce the sub-

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ject in the tap-room of a small public house, in the neighbourhood of Puddle Dock, where some scamps were enjoying their baccy and heavy wet, by inquiring, casually as it were, what sort of a man Lord Mayor Winchester was? It is needless for me to repeat the answer I got! truth, however, compels me to state that it was any thing but complimentary.

It was indeed very fool-hardy of me to venture upon the question in a place where I saw the vile *True Sun* on the table, and a placard on the wall, intimating that "*The Times*" was "*not* taken in" there. But I suppose the mixture of the different liquors which I had imbibed had affected my head; for it was among the last public I visited. I may just whisper in the ear of my Tory friends, that the answer I received to my civil question, was so severe a cut upon myself, that I was very near betraying who I was; fortunately, this did not happen, and speedily quitting the abhorred house, I entered the next decent place, and took a stiff glass to recover my equilibrium of temper, which had the effect of making me loose the equilibrium of body, and I was carried home by two watchmen, (of fortunately my own ward,) whom I well rewarded for their trouble, and secured a seal upon their lips, by anointing their hands with a due portion of palm oil.

It is a singular fact, and worthy to be re-

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membered, that nearly the first judical act of my mayoralty was the fining myself for inebriety. The usual five shillings was duly inflicted, the morning after the mishap, before related, and paid by transferring the coin from my breeches to my waistcoat pocket. This behaviour was what I call unprecedented. I have heard of fathers executing justice upon their own sons, and most particular friends and connections; but never knew a precedent for a magistrate inflicting punishment on himself.

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CHAP IX.

Claud. He is a very proper man.
Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.
Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.
Pedro. He hath indeed shown some sparks that are like wit.
Claud. And I take him to be valiant.
Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

THE CHALLENGE—ROACH AND GUDGEON—IN A DIFFICULTY—HOW TO GET OUT—VARIOUS PLANS—VICARIOUS DUELLING—HUDIBRAS AND RALPHO—A GOOD THING—CRIMINAL INFORMATION—EVERY BODY'S BUSINESS, NOBODY'S BUSINESS.

ALL the world must, by this time, be familiar with a passage in the history of my recent career. I mean that which relates to the challenge sent me by Mr. Rotch. It would be impossible for me, in adequate terms, to describe the consternation which seized me when apprized of the hostile intentions of the Chief Magistrate of Middlesex against the Chief Magistrate of the City. In fact, (to use anotheir vulgarism of Hobler's,) I was in a "regular

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funk." One thing, however, I speedily determined upon; and as those who know me may pretty well guess, it was upon no account whatever to fight, let the consequences be what they might. I had too much respect for the corporation—my own I mean—to incur the hazard of opening a "pistolary correspondence" with the Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions. If he was a *roach*, that was no reason why I should show myself a *gudgeon*. What! that Winchester, the "foremost man in all the" city should become "food for powder." 'Twas not to be thought of; and, as I said before, fighting was quite out of the question.

It is not to be supposed, however, that I let slip an opportunity of acquiring so much *eclat* as a duel would have brought, without serious consideration, and it was to obtain time for this consideration, that I treated the messages of Mr. Guppy and Mr. Carrick with so much apparent contempt; especially, when the latter gentleman introduced himself and his business to me while dining at the "King's Head" ordinary—(mark! how I patronize the very name of Royalty—this has been my house of call since the dinner at Windsor). Had the company at the table not been too busy with their turtle, they would have seen more consternation than contempt in my visage. I feared he

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was going to post me; as it was, it passed very well, and I obtained time to think and take counsel.

I certainly should have had no objection to the reputation of a "valiant man, and one cunning in fence," had it been possible to get excused from the risk. As usually is the case with me in affairs of emergency, I set to work all the wits that fright had left me, to endeavour to get honourably through the business. Recollecting the vicarious duelling of O'Connell, I tried to persuade Hobler to act as my substitute "for this night only", telling him that my *principles* would not permit *me* to fight; but that I was anxious to uphold the chivalrous character of the City. I found, however, that, on this point the old twaddler's *principles* resembled my own, so that I was obliged to content myself with thundering in his ear Falstaff's ejaculation: "A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! Marry, and amen!" The fellow had the insolence to mutter, as I was going off in seeming indignation, that "as for that matter—there was a pair of us." I pretended not to hear him; but never mind, he'll find, one of these days, that Winchester is not to be insulted with impunity.

I was vexed at this fruitless conclusion of my endeavours to establish another office to be per-

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formed by deputy, as it would remove the only clog upon the free expression of my mind. I had, moreover, taken the trouble to make an abstract of, and learn by heart, all the reasonings made use of by Hudibras to induce Ralpho to be his deputy at the whipping-post; but, like the knight's squire, the Lord Mayor's Clerk was not "open to conviction"—(I only wish he may be some day, and myself the judge!)

Another project struck me, at one time, as feasible—namely, to bribe the seconds to omit the bullet in their preparations for the combat, so that I might thus be enabled to enjoy the fame of a warrior, without the risk of having another ounce of lead added to my occiput. But here again there was the possibility that *both* seconds might not be agreeable to this proposal: my own I could have answered for; as, in the event of taking the field, my man Hobler would have acted as squire. And, moreover, I have a strange antipathy to the smell of gunpowder, even when I am quite sure as to the absence of the lead. I cannot help lamenting with Hotspur's fop, that "villanous saltpetre should have been dug out of the bowels of the harmless earth, which many a good tall fellow (ay, and fat fellow, too!) hath destroyed so cowardly." Being rather nervous, also, I could not have answered for the steadiness of my hand; and

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my tremor, at such a time, my enemies would doubtless have attributed to fear; although it is well known that there breathes not a braver man than myself—when there is no danger. By the by, Sir Peter said a good thing when talking over the matter. "If it should happen (said he) that a meeting take place, you will both be *shaking hands* and presenting loaded pistols at each other at the same moment!" Sir Peter is a wag, so I pocketed the insinuation.

Thus I was compelled to give up all thoughts of sham fighting; for as to a real *bona fide* pistol-match, I repeat, that *that* was not to be thought of. I am one of those who, in the words of the old Maxim, would "sooner run a mile than fight a minute," albeit, not much adapted for locomotion: accordingly, I was under the necessity of putting another face on the matter.

Of course, an explanation or apology was not to be thought of; (though to tell the truth, as to the matter-of-fact, Rotch had right on his side, but as to the challenge he was a great ass)—that I never would submit to, even if I were ever so much in the wrong. So I talked big of the scandalous attempt to induce a magistrate —an expounder of the law—a lawmaker, in fact, (for everybody knows that Mansion House law is not unfrequently manufactured on the pre-

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mises) to become a law-breaker. I need hardly observe, in passing, this was all "gammon;" (to have recourse once more to my friend's phraseology;) as it is no secret that I have broken more laws than those of Lindley Murray, since my inauguration dinner.

But, although averse to the decision of the pistol, I determined to exhibit to Mr. Rotch my skill in another branch of the science of peace-making, by ordering a Criminal Information to be filed against him. Those who have done themselves the honour to peruse the foregoing pages, will have no hesitation in backing Winchester against the world in this species of warfare, and Rotch will find it so before I have done with him. I expect he will shortly have an opportunity of knowing, from bitter experience, what kind of hard labour the prisoners in His Majesty's gaol of Newgate are subject to.

While on the subject of duelling and challenges, I may as well confess that I have suffered great anxiety on this head, since the commencement of my public career. In fact, I have lived in a state of continual suspense and terror; and I consider it one of the happiest chances of my life, that the dreaded event has been so long in arriving, and much more fortunate that it should come at last under circumstances so highly favourable to myself. For even my ene-

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mies will admit that, in this case, I did have some show of reason on my side. But how many occasions have occurred where *nothing* could have been said in my favour? The sharp language which Radical insult and insolence has sometimes compelled me to give vent to, would, in ordinary cases, have sufficed to give rise to fifty challenges, and yet I have escaped till now. Every one, of course, will acccount for this extraordinary circumstance, according to his own judgment. I am aware that it has been said that I am too contemptible to be the object of a challenge, as no one thinks of daring a donkey to combat for annoying the neighbourhood with its notes, or spattering respectable passengers with the dirt raised by its heels in calcitration. My opinion is that those whom I abused, were a set of cowardly poltroons and feared my prowess.

There was one occasion, in particular, when I dreaded, above measure, a hostile summons. My readers may recollect that when a respectable requisition was presented soliciting me to call a Common Hall, with Mr. Dillon at the head of the deputation who brought it, I had the good manners to glance at the signatures with a contemptuous look, and express my belief that *possibly* I *might* find one respectable name among them, to whom I should address

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my answer. (We Tories were big, then, with the great roll-call of Conservatives, which filled the columns of the Times, and its coffers, also.) I think this was a settler for them. Of course, I knew perfectly well that there were attached to the document plenty of names, of far more weight, in every respect, than my own; but the chance of showing those who had elected me under a pledge to do the very thing they then required, how independent I *now* was, and that I was not to be dictated to, was too good to be lost: besides, I wanted to bring down the upstart Radicals to the same level which they held in public opinion twenty years ago. The idea—a Radical—a respectable man! Fugh!

However, I was terribly alarmed lest some one of the subscribers should call me to account; but luckily for me, what was every body's business was nobody's business—so I escaped.

Who after this, will pretend to set bounds beyond which a Lord Mayor's veto may not pass with impunity?

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CHAP. X.

"He who his prince too blindly does obey—
To keep his faith, his virtue throws away.

"Some truths are not by reason to be tried;
But I have sure experience for my guide."

DRYDEN.

MAYORS AND THEIR MAXIMS—UNPRECEDENTED PATRIOTISM—A PARALLEL BETWEN CELEBRATED POLITICIANS—MAXIMS.

SEVERAL of my predecessors in the Mayorial Office, have thought to render themselves immortal by publishing "Maxims," as they were pleased to call them. But how miserably have they failed! Peter the little—(as I have heard the last Dignitary who made the attempt, called) though rather inclined to Toryism, was nothing to be compared with me, who am "every inch a Tory". He was too much taken up with the affairs of his little self to attend to the affairs of the nation. I flatter myself I have sacrificed something for the good of my country. I have bartered for its benefit that which men prefer ...e every thing—even life itself—that which

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nor gold, nor titles, nor applause can outweigh. As Shakspeare says:

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine—'tis his—and has been slave to thousands:
But he, who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And leaves me poor indeed!"

This, then, have I sacrificed for my country's welfare. Do I not then deserve the name of a true patriot? De Wit, who left his country the legacy of his Political Maxims—shed his blood for its sake—was torn to pieces by an infuriated and mistaken mob. So has it been with my reputation—that which all honourable men prefer even to existence, has it not been torn to tatters and scattered to the winds, by vile, enraged wretches!

In so far, may I even now compare myself to that great politician; and to render the parralel still more striking, I have determined to give to the world—but more particularly for Mayors, and still more particularly for Tory Mayors—some "Maxims"—Political and General, chiefly suggested by the incidents of my Official Life—my Mayorial Twelvemonth—each followed by some moral reflections or remarks!

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MAXIM I.

Never let slip an opportunity of insulting or vilifying a political opponent, or a personal enemy.

Your seat on the bench, will afford you peculiar facilities for indulging in this interesting pastime. You will there be as safe from retorts, as a parson in his pulpit. (Although I certainly found some exceptions, especially in the cases of the Radical placards and Deputations for Common Halls; but my mayoralty, is of course, an exception.) You will have it all your own way; and of course, it will be found much more agreeable to fight with a fettered foe, than with one who is at liberty to return you blow for blow, and thrust for thrust.

Never mind what squeamish folks may say, about such a practice as this being incompatible with the impartial and unbiassed exercise of your judicial functions. You have the example of myself, and many of my worshipful brethren, to keep you in countenance; and though Justice be depicted blind, that seems to me no sufficient reason, why she should also be tongue-tied.

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MAXIM II.

Consider every prisoner brought before you, a convicted felon, until he proves himself an honest man.

I do not know that there is much necessity for my inculcating this principle. It is already part of the common practice; but perhaps, it may be as well, and more satisfactory thus to make it part of the "Written Law." It is a settled practice by prescription and constant custom, with the honourable fraternity of Police Magistrates—more particularly with my friend Laing, at Hatton Garden. I have certainly heard it hinted, that this is not quite in accordance with the *theory* of English Jurisprudence; but what of that? it is a most convenient *practice.* It saves much unnecessary trouble of sifting into evidence, and comparing contradictory statements. Why should a Mayor, as a Magistrate, be troubled with the *onus probandi?* The least thing a culprit can do, is to take this weight upon himself; and if he cannot contrive to satisfy you as to his respectability, the sooner you get rid of him the better. When I mention respectability, of course I mean "horse and gig" respectability, as described on Thurtell's trial. No man worth a thousand a year, can possibly be other than respectable. A fellow without a friend in the world, or a

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penny in his pocket, is *prima facie* a rogue and vagabond. The interests of society require that such an one be disposed of summarily.

MAXIM III.

Wit tells better than wisdom, and jocularity is more entertaining than justice.

I have mentioned the admirable adaptation of the Hall of Justice, for the exhibition of personal spite, it is a no less excellent arena for the display of wit. I need not much enlarge upon this head. Indeed I may say, in reference to this maxim, as well as to all the rest,"*Si exemplum requiris, circumspice!*" I flatter myself, that my sallies will not soon be forgotten.

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print," says the poet: but how superlatively pleasant to read in the morning papers, the full particulars of your own yesterday's pleasantries, with the flattering addendum that "the Justice-room was convulsed with roars of laughter," during their delivery. If you have the good fortune to discover anything remarkable in the personal appearance of the prisoner at the bar,—such for instance, as marks of exhaustion, caused by want of food or disease,—rest assured that a joke thereupon will tell admirably. The fellow's heart may be breaking, it is true, at what he deems your brutality; but what is that

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to you? you have to keep up the reputation of being a personage of "infinite mirth!" and as to what silly fools term humanity, why the sight of anything resembling it at a police-office, would, as my friend, Sir Peter, used to say, be "gude for sair een."

I have sometimes been almost tempted to envy Sir Claudius Hunter his brilliant reputation in this line. The "roars of laughter in which the worthy magistrate condescended to join," are, in the reports of his sittings at Guildhall, absolutely overwhelming. I cannot say, for my part, that I see much to laugh at in the Equestrian's witticisms; but tastes vary. I know that it has been said by illustrious persons, in reference both to him and myself, that we are only acting from a laudable desire to preserve intact the ancient offices of the City, at the least public expence, by performing each in his single person, the united duties of Lord Mayor and Lord Mayor's Fool. But this is a mistake; for the last named office has long merged in that of Chief Clerk. I need not remark how efficiently the duties of the double office are performed by the present incumbent.

MAXIM IV.

In cases where the accused person is a man of wealth, rank, or authority, the presumption is, that he is innocent until proved guilty.

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I need not say, that it is the duty of every magistrate to strain a point to get a great man out of trouble. On the other hand, you will be equally anxious to convict where the great man is the prosecutor. What is the good of power, if it is not to be used for the benefit of one's friends? When it is impossible to commit for trial, a remand for a week or two will sometimes do the business as effectually, especially if the complainant's object be the gratification of personal pique. Thanks to the comprehensive nature of English law, a rich man need never be long without the means of revenge. A few weeks incarceration, is an excellent remedy for insolence—so excellent indeed, that it is much to be regretted, that the powers of the Metropolitan magistrates are cramped in its application by the foolish notions which prevail as regards the liberty of the subject. I trust that my friend, Sir Robert, will think of this defect when he again sets about reforming our criminal code. All the improvements that he has introduced would yield in importance to this.

An excellent ground for putting the prisoner aside for further examination on a future day, is found when his professional adviser dares to contradict you on a point of law. It may happen that he is a first-rate lawyer, and yourself as ignorant of this, as of every other

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requisite for dispensing justice; but you owe it to yourself, and the dignified office yon hold, not to suffer any one to dictate to you. Is a week's confinement of an innocent man to be put in comparison with such an outrageous insult to the Chief Magistrate? Certainly not. And if you cannot reach the true offender, visit his sins upon his client. You will thus obtain the repute of being a strict dispenser of justice. Much of my fame has been thus honourably acquired.

MAXIM V.

Never bear blame yourself when you can shift it on another's shoulders.

I have already made mention of the morning papers as "helps to fame." They are no less convenient scape-goats. It will happen occasionally, that your remarks light upon individuals who do not feel at all disposed to be the butt of your wit, and who would not scruple, in the plenitude of their ignorance, to characterize a Lord Mayor's playful allusions as generally synonymous with insolence and insult. Should such individuals be audacious enough to complain of the remarks attributed to you in the aforesaid journals, nothing will be easier than to deny all knowledge of them; and of course, the subordinates in the office will, to a man, be ready to swear (they are used to oath making) to the truth of whatever you are pleased to

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assert. This will, moreover, afford an excellent opportunity of venting your spleen on the reporters of that portion of the press, which is blind to your own manifold good qualities. No one thinks it worth while to inquire further into the matter, or to hint a belief, that on the whole, the reporters are quite as likely to speak truth as Magistrates. And a good thing it is, that it should be so; for this universally-credited propensity of the reporters, to falsify every thing that comes in their way, has prevented more duels than all the "vows in heaven" from O'Connell's to mine. (By the bye, I wish I were well out of this awkward affair with Rotch; blind, as he is, I only hope I may not be cut off before the close of my mayoralty.) Many a gentleman in St. Stephen's will not hesitate, *after dinner*, to speak of an opponent in terms, which cool reflection in the morning tells him may not be altogether safe. Of course, the worthy who is calumniated demands explanation; and equally, of course, the honorable calumniator never breathed a syllable of the matter imputed to him; it was from beginning to end, a base fabrication of the reporters. The M.P., is of course, believed in preference to the reporter, who, as every one must see, has so many temptations to conceal the truth. It is true, the poor devil may starve, from being dismissed for the fault, but it is through his

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bearing "stripes" that we are healed; and private hardship must often be endured for public benefit; and the representatives, or officers, of the public, to use a vulgar expression, of course stand in the "public's shoes."

But I think I have now written sufficient to render myself immortal, and he who follows what I have written, will be second only to myself. I would fain follow up these observations more closely; but as every subject that I note down reminds me that my reign is drawing to a close, my feelings will not suffer me to proceed. I still, however, cherish the fond hope of the realization of the Royal Duke's promise, as made to me under his own hand, that the mayoralty shall be restored to that which it was in the days of Fitz-Aleyn, a tenure for life; and not only so, but hereditary, and hereditary in the Winchester family. Meanwhile, I must do my best as a magistrate, (not Chief) to uphold the principles I have hitherto professed.

Each ink-drop that steals from the nib of my pen,
Seems a tear for the bliss that is flown;
Where others cull blossoms I find but a blight,
And sigh for the days that are gone."

THE END.

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